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Chatham, November 30, 1903.

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# Uncle Terry

CHARLES CLARK MUNN Copyright, 1900, by LEE @ SHEPARD

T'S goin' to be a nasty night," said Uncle Terry, coming in from the shed and dumping an armful of the box behind the kitchen stove, "an' the combers is just a-hump in' over White Hoss ledge, an' the spray's flyin' halfway up the light-

"The Lord-a-massy help any poor soul that goes ashore tonight!" responded a portly, white haired woman beside the stove as a monster wave made the little dwelling tremble.
Uncle Terry took off his dripping sou'wester and coat and, hanging them

over the wood box, went to the sink and began pumping a basin of water. "Better have some warm, Silas," said the woman, taking the steaming kettle from the stove and following him.

'It's more comfortin'."

When he had washed and combed his scanty gray locks and beard at a small mirror he stood for a mon beside the stove. His weather beaten face that evinced character, so pronounced were its features, wore a mile, and his deep set gray eyes emitte 1 a twinkle.

"Supper 'most ready, Lissy?" he asked, eying a pot on the stove that gave out an appetizing odor. "I'm hungry 'nough to eat a mule with the harness

"Twill be in a minit," was the re-ly. "Better go into fother room ply. "Better go into t'other room where Telly's settin' the table." Uncle Terry obeyed, and, finding a

bright fire burning there, stood back to it, smiling affectionately at a young girl busy beside the table. She had an oval face, a rather thin and delicate nose, small, sweet mouth and eyes that were big, blue and appealing. A wealth of light hair was coiled on the back of her head, and her form was full and rounded.

"It's blowing hard tonight, father, isn't it?" she observed. "I can feel the waves shake the house." Then, not waiting for an answer, she stepped to a closet and, bringing a short gray coat and felt slippers, pushed an armchair to the fire and, placing the slippers beside it, held the coat ready for him to put it on.

"You might as well be comfortable," she added. "You haven't got to go out again, have you?"

The man seated himself and, draw-

ing off his wet boots and putting on his slippers, opened his hands toward the blaze and observed, "You and Lissy's bound to cosset me, so bimeby I won't stir out 'cept the sun shines."

Silas Terry, or Uncle Terry, as every-body on Southport island called him, was and for thirty years had been the keeper of the Cape light, situated on the outermost point of the island. To this he added the daily duty of mail carrier to the head of the island, eight miles distant, and there connecting with a small steamer plying between the Maine coast islands and a shore port. He also, in common with other of the islanders, tilled a little land and kept a few traps set for lobsters. He was an honest, kind hearted and fairly well read man whose odd sayings and quaint phrases were proverbial. With his wife, whom everybody called Aunt Lissy, and adopted daughter Telly, he lived in a neat white house close to the

P.S.—We have also added a newly invented machine to Iron the edges of Collars and Cuffs, Uncle Terry had a history, and not the least interesting episode in it was the entrance into his life of this same fair and blue eyed girl. Perhaps his own graphic description will best tell

"It was 'bout the last o' March, more than eighteen year ago an' durin' one e' the worst blows I ever rec-clect since I kep' the light, that one mornin' I spied a vessel hard an' fast on White Hoss ledge, 'bout half a mile off the p'int. It had been snowin' some an' froze on the windows o' the light, so mebbe she didn't see it 'fore she fetched up all standin'. The seas was poundin' her like great guns, an' in her rig-gin' I could see the poor devils half hid in snow an' ice. Thar wa'n't no hope for 'em, for no dory could 'a' lived a moment in that awful gale, an' thar wa'n't no lifeboat here. Lissy an' me made haste to build a fire on the p'int to show the poor critturs we had feelin' for 'em, an' then we just stood an' waited an' watched for 'em to go down. It might 'a' been an hour—there's no tellin'—when I saw a big bundle tossin' light an' comin' ashore. I ran over to the cove where I keep my boats an' grabbed a piece o' rope an' boat hook an' made ready. The Lord must 'a' steered that bund!e, for it kept workin' steered that bundle, for it kept workin along, headin' for a bit o' beach just by the p'int. I had a rope round my waist, an' Lissy held on to the end, an' when the bundle struck I made fast with the boat hook, an' the next comber tumbled me end over, bundle an' all, up on to the sand. I grabbed at it an' 'fore the next one come had it high an'

fore the next one come had it high an' dry out o' the way.

"It's allus been a puzzle to me just why I did it, for I was wet through an' most froze, an' what I'd pulled out looked like a feather bed tied round with a cord, but I out with my knife an' cut the cords, an' thar in the middle o' two feather beds was a box an in the box a baby alive an' squallin'.

"I didn't stop to take the rope off my

"I didn't stop to take the rope off my

waist, but grabbed the box an' ran for the house, with Lissy after me. We had a fire in the stoye, an' Lissy warmed a blanket an' wrapped the poor thing up an' held it over the stove an' kissed it an' took on just as wimmin will When I see it was safe I cut for the p'int, thinkin' to wave my hat an' show 'em we had saved the baby, but a squall o' snow had struck in, an' when it let up the vessel was gone. Thar was bits o' wreck cum ashore, pieces o' spars, a boat all stove in an' the like an' a wooden shoe. In the box the baby was in was two little blankets, an' tied in a bit o' cloth two rings an' a locket with two picters in it, an' a paper was pinned to the baby's clothes with furrin writin' on it. It said the baby's name was Etelka Peterson an', 'To God I commend my child,' an' signed, 'A Despairing Mother.' From bits o' the wreck we learned the vessel was from Stockholm an'

named 'Peterson.'
"The paper was sech a heart techin' appeal, an' as we'd just buried our only child, a six-year-old gal, we was glad to adopt this 'un an' bring her up. In due course o' time I made a report o' the wreck to the lighthouse board an' that we had saved one life, a gal baby, an' give all the facts. Nothin' ever came on 't, though, an' we was glad thar didn't. We kep' the little gal an' she wa'n't long in growin' into our feelin's, an' the older she growed the more we thought o' her."

Of course the history of Uncle Terry's protegee was known to every resident of the island, and as she grew in-to girlhood and attended school at the Cape, as the little village a quarter mile back of the point was called, until she matured into a young lady every one came to feel that in a way she be-longed to the kindly lighthouse keeper and his wife Melissa.

To them she was all that a devoted

daughter could be, and when school days were over she became Uncle Terry's almost constant companion. On pleasant days she went with him to attend his traps and on his daily drive to the head of the island. She was welcome in every house and well beloved by all those simple, kindly peo-ple, who felt an unusual kindly interest in her existence. Of tender heart and timid nature, her appealing eyes won the love of young and old. On Sunday evenings she was always one of the small congregation that gathered to hold simple services in the little church at the Cape, a square one story building that never knew paint or shut-

Of beau she hardly knew the mean ing, and it must be said the few young men who remained on the island after reaching the age of courtship were neither in garb nor manners such as would attract a girl like Telly. One special talent she was gifted

with, and that was the ability to draw and paint well. Even as a child at school she would draw pictures on a slate that were surprising, and when older and she obtained materials she worked until she became in a way quite an artist. As Uncle Terry put it, "Makin' picters omes nat'rl to the gal."
She had never received even the first

lessons in that charming art, but for all that every room in the house had dozens of her efforts, large and small. hanging on the walls and in the oddest frames. Some were of strips of thin board covered with little shells or dried moss, and others of rustic handiwork

There was but one shadow in her life, and that the fact that no one of the



"An' ran for the house."

relatives she imagined she must have in faroff Sweden ever made any effort to learn the fate of her parents, who she knew had gone down so near her home. The story of her rescue with all its pitiful details was familiar to her, and in her room were treasured all the odd bits of wreckage—the locket that contained her parents' pictures, the two rings, the last message of her mother and even the wooden shoe that had floated ashore. How many times she had looked at those two pictured faces, one a reflection of her own; how many tears she had shed in secret over them, and how, year after year, she wondered if ever in her life some reflein faroff Sweden ever made any ef-

Neither did they know how many times she had tried to imagine the moment when her despairing mother, with death near and with prayers and tears, had cast her adrift, hoping that

the one little life most dear to that mother might be saved. The fatal reef where those parents had gone down also held for her a weird fascination, and at times the voice of the ocean seemed like the despairing cries of mortals. One picture, and it was her best, was a view of the wreck, as near as Uncle Terry could describe it, with human forms clinging to the ice clad rigging and tempestuous seas leaping over them. The subject held an uncanny influence over her, and she had spent months on the picture. But this shadow of her life she kept carefully guarded from all.

CHAPTER IL

WA'N'T consulted bout com wa. N.T consulted boot com-in' into this world," said Uncle Terry once, "an' I don't 'spect to be 'bout go-n' out. I was born on a way back farm in Connecticut, where the rocks was so thick we used ter round the sheep up once a week an' sharpen thar noses on the grin'stun so 't they could get 'em 'tween the stuns. I walked a mile to school winters an's stubled my toes on the farm summers till I was fourteen, an' then the old man 'greed to give me my time till I was twenty-one if I 'ud pay him half I earned. I had a colt an' old busted wagon, an' I took to dickerin.' I bought eggs an' honey an' pelts of all sorts, an' peddled notions an' farmin' tools. When I cum of age I

cum down into Maine an' bought a gold mine. I've got it yit—that is, I've got the hole whar I s'posed the mine was. Most o' my money went into it an' stayed thar. Then I got a chance to tend light an' ketch lobsters an' hev stuck to it ever since. I take some comfort livin', an' try an' pass it along. The Widder Leach calls me a scoffer but she allus comes to me when she's needin', an' don't allus have to cum elther. My life's been like most every-body else's, a streak o' lean an' a streak o' fat, with lean predominatin'. 'Twas a streak o' fat when I found a good woman an' she said 'yes,' an' streak o' lean when I was bamboozled by a lawyer into buyin' a gold mine I've kep' that hole ever since an' paid taxes on't to prove to myself jest how big a fool a man can be an' live.

"I've never wronged nobody nor done much prayin', an' when the Almighty calls me I think I'll stand jest as good a chance o' gittin' a harp as those whose done more on't. The worst skinnin' I ever got was done by this ere lawyer, who never sot down to meals 'thout askin' a blessin', an' mebbe that's the reason I'm a scoffer. I've observed a good deal since I left the old farm, an' have come to the belief that thar's a sucker born every minit and two ter ketch him. When I was young I took hold o' the big end o' the log an' did the liftin', but now I take hold o' the little end an' do the gruntin'. Thar's one thing I've larned, an' larned it for sartin, an' that is thar's few people in this world that cut a ham in the middle. Most on 'em cut

few slices an' cut 'em thin." Among the Southport islanders Un le Terry was considered an odd stick, and yet one who would go out of his way to do a good turn to others. He was seldom seen at church, though his wife and Telly usually were. As he once remarked: "It's a good thing for once remarked: "It's a good thing for 'em, 'cause it takes up thar mind an' is more sociable, though prayin' allus seems to me a good deal like a man tryin' to lift himself by his boot straps. It keeps him busy, though, an' it's healthy exercise."

In spite of his investment in a mine he had been frugal and owned most of the land between the village and the point and was also joint owner with two other men, in a small trad-ing schooner that made semimonthly trips between the Cape and Boston. She carried fish, clams, lobsters, hay and potatoes and fetched an "all sorts" cargo useful to the islanders, from a paper of needles to a hogshead of mo-

The most pronounced characteristic of Uncle Terry was his unfailing good humor, tinged with a mild sarcasm. He loved his fellow men and yet enjoyed puncturing their small conceits, but so droll was his way of doing it that no one felt the sting. To Bascom who kept the only store and also post-office at the Cape and dearly loved to hear himself talk, Uncle Terry once said: "You've got the greatest gift o' gab I ever heerd, Bascom, an' you could 'a' made your fortin in the show business. But if you're ever took with religion the hull island 'll turn infid-

And, again, when Deacon Oaks, the leader at all prayer meetings, assured him how great a blessing religion was and how much he enjoyed divine serv ice, Uncle Terry answered: "Your tak-in' the lead at meetin's is a blessin' to the rest, for none of 'em has to worry 'bout who's goin' to speak next. They know you're allus ready."

In this connection it must be stated In this connection it must be stated that the spiritual life of Southport was of a primitive description. The small unpainted church at the Cape, above which hung a diminutive bell, was the only place of worship, and to this every other Sunday came a minister from the mainland. It was furnished with long wooden settees, and a small cottage or-gan graced the platform, upon which an antique desk did duty as pulpit and an antique desk did duty as pulpit and a storage place for hymn books. Four wall bracket lamps lighted this room for evening service, and their usually smoky chimneys tent a depressing effect to all exhortation. Mandy Oaks presided at the organ and turned gospel hymns into wheezy and rather long drawn out melodies. Most of the audit

ence tried to chase the tunes along and imagined they were singing, which per haps is all that is necessary. On the Sundays between the minister's visits only evening services were held and every Thursday evening a prayer meet-ing. It was on these latter occasions that Deacon Oaks was in conspicuous evidence. The Widow Leach, a poor ter days and in whose poverty stricken life religion was the only consolation, was also prominent, and her testimony, unvarying in tenor as the tunes played by Mandy, helped to fill out the serv-

"It's lucky the widow's sure o' lots o' happiness in the next world," observed Uncle Terry once, "for she ain't gittin' much in this.

"I can't hear Oaks, though, 'thou thinkin' o' Deacon Rogers up in Wolcott, who never mentioned the need o' rain till he'd got his hay in. He was a sly fox an' allus thanked the Lord for sendin' rain nights an' Sundays so the

poor hired man could rest. shinin' example, but he opened my eyes arter I began dickerin' by sellin' me a lot o' eggs that had been sot on two weeks, an' the store man I sold 'em to never trusted me ag'in. 'Twas a case o' the ungodly sufferin' for the sins o' the righteous that time, which may be a pervarsion o' Scripture, but the truth

"But I got a little comfort finally, for when the deacon died, by some in-advartance the choir sang 'Praise God, From Whom All Blessin's Flow,' an' I wa'n't the only one who felt that way

In spite of Uncle Terry's mildly flavored shafts of sarcasm he made no enemies, and his kind heart and sterling honesty were respected far and near. He was considered a doubter and skeptic, and, though seldom seen at church, as he had originally con-tributed his share when that edifice was built, his lack of piety was forgiven.

There is a sense of justice underly ing all men's minds, and the natural instinct is to judge others by what they are and how they live rather than by what they profess, and so it was in Uncle Terry's case.

> (To Be Continued.) WILLIAMS.

Gilbert Holey is all smiles-it is A. Drago has returned from her visit to Toronto.

The Prairie Siding club met on the

2nd of July. All the members were present and a good time was spent. Malvin Crow had one w. his best colts shot. It had broken its leg. Robert Baines is hauling lumber or his new house.

Geo. T. Crow attended the Comber

races on July 1.

Miss Era Scott, Detroit, is spending a short time with her aunt.

Owing to the rain on July 1st the picnic on Johnson's Flats was a

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